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## BETHEL VILLAGE CORPORATION FIRE ALARM SIGNALS

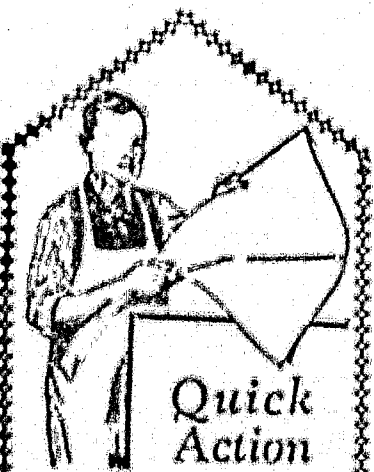
- 1 blast, repeated at one minute intervals, Broad, Mason and Paradise Streets.
- 2 blasts, repeated at one minute intervals, Mill Hill.
- 3 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Church, Park, Upper High, Upper Sommer, Elm Streets.
- 4 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Main to Bryant's Store, Spring, Brighton, Chapman Streets.
- 5 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Lower Main, Mechanic, Clark, Lower High, Lower Sommer, Vernon Streets.
- 6 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Mills, Mill Yard and Railroad Street.

IN CASE OF FIRE—Call the telephone office, tell the operator where the fire is, and she will tend to the alarm immediately.

## TIME TABLE Effective Sept. 7, 1930 EAST BOUND

	Ex. Sun.	Daily
	A. M.	P. M.
Island Pond, Vt.	5:15	5:05
Bethel & H.	6:00	5:40
Orford, N. H.	7:14	6:40
West Bethel, N. H.	7:14	6:40
BETHEL	7:21	6:40
Locke Mills	7:29	6:48
Bryant Pond	8:00	6:58
West Pond, Bates	8:10	7:10
South Pass	8:14	7:20
Leicester Springs	8:24	7:30
Portland	8:50	7:50

	Daily	Ex. Sun.
	A. M.	P. M.
Portland	8:50	7:50
Leicester Springs	9:00	7:50
South Pass	9:04	7:50
West Pond, Bates	9:10	7:50
Bryant Pond	9:20	7:50
Locke Mills	9:29	7:50
BETHEL	9:36	7:50
West Bethel, N. H.	9:44	7:50
Orford, N. H.	9:54	7:50
Bethel & H.	10:24	7:50
Island Pond, Vt.	10:34	7:50



**Quick Action**  
MOST folks, when they decide to have a piece of printing done, wait it out. We are well equipped to give prompt service on your work. Furthermore, it will not look like a hurry up job, since our ability to handle such work enables us to give it the same careful attention that is given less hurried work.  
That's Us  
**THE CITIZEN-PRINTERS**  
We can help you solve your printing problems

## CAN I Learn to Fly?

By WILLIAM R. NELSON

**Eight and Spot Landings**  
UNCLE SAM'S Department of Commerce believes that persons seeking pilot's licenses should be able to do certain things with the machine they desire permission to operate. To ascertain the applicant's ability to meet the several requirements of each class of license, a test flight is given. For the private pilot's license that test includes "figure eights," "spiral glides," "take-offs," and "spot landings."

As I had had everything but the figure eights, spiral glides and spot landings, my instructor was back with me again the next lesson to show me the eights and spot landings. "We'll use these two trees—they are a quarter of a mile apart—as pylons," my instructor said, pointing them out. "Make your first turn into the wind and try to hold your bank until one end of the figure eight is made. Then level out, fly to the other pylon and reverse the turn."

It sounded easy but holding that turn around the tree was difficult. A half dozen trips around the figure eight course, however, polished me up sufficiently for the next step. "Now we'll use those two trees," and he pointed out two much closer together. "You will have to bank almost vertically."

The "figure eights" were easier for me. Satisfied with my grasp of the maneuver, he signaled for a return to the field.

As we flew to the landing he spoke again. "See that big tree down there? Put down on a line with it. Cut the motor wherever you think is right. Don't gun the motor except to clear it."

Estimating our distance away and up, I cut the motor to idling and started the glide in. Forbidden to gun the motor, as I had been doing in practice, I missed the mark by a city block.

"There is no trick to spot landings," my instructor explained. "It is merely a matter of practice. I'll take you around once, then you do it. From now on make all of your landings spot. That is the only way to learn to do it by constant practice."

He took the controls and we roared around the pattern again. I made mental notes of landmarks for each thing he did, but was forced to discard them. He overshot the spot line. Disgusted, he flew around again and that time put down perfectly over the line.

(© 1930, Western Newspaper Union)

## THE KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1930, Western Newspaper Union)

Men look to the East for the dawn—long things for the light of the rising sun. But they look to the West, to the crimson West, for the things that are done, are done. The outward sun is a new-made hope from the dark of the night destined. But the westward sun is a sunset sun is the sun of a hope fulfilled.

—Douglas Malloch

## GOOD THINGS FOR OCCASIONS

After a busy walk, ride or a game of golf a hot sandwich with a cupful of coffee will touch the right spot.

Hot Hamburg Sandwich with—top one onion and pickle in a table spoonful of butter until a delicate brown. Add one pound of round steak, finely chopped.

one half pound of salt, one eighth tea spoonful of pepper and two table spoonfuls of hot water. Cook, stirring frequently, until tender. Add one cupful of hot water and cook for ten minutes. Add one cupful of hot water and cook for ten minutes.

Apple Butter—Wash and cut apples into quarters without peeling or coring. Place in a kettle with just enough water to cover. Cook slowly until tender, then put through a coarse strainer. Measure the straining pulp and add to each cupful one half cupful of sugar and the good old half of a lemon. Cook slowly until the desired consistency is reached. If desired, add one cupful of raisins or other fruit.

Spiced Grape Jam—Wash and stem five pounds of grapes. Separate the pulp from the skins and cook in a heavy covered tin kettle, then remove the seeds, crush or chop the skins if you wish, and cook them in a little water for a few minutes, then mix with the pulp and cook with one half cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and bring to a full boil and simmer for ten minutes. Measure the cooked fruit, adding water if necessary to make five cupfuls. Now add, when cooking eight cupfuls of sugar, six and one half cupfuls of one half cupful of peach. Stir well and strain. Pour into glasses and cover with a thin layer of paraffin. When cold add more paraffin to make a thick coating.

Nellie Maxwell

Portland—Appraisal of Forest Park across site of city's new post office to begin soon.

## County News

### NORTH LOVELL

Tuesday evening, Jan. 20th, Kezar Lake Grange held its installation. Mr. Holman, wife, and two daughters, with Arthur Buck, all from Norway, did the work in a pleasing manner. Visitors from Suncok Grange, Lovell, from Panguis Grange, Fryeburg, from Round Mountain Grange, Albany, as well as those from Norway, helped make a pleasant evening. Supper was served at 6:30, before the work and social hour.

Rev. Mr. Brandon preached Sunday evening.

Mrs. Bertha Laroque, lecturer from this grange, attended the Lecturers' conference at Waterville last week.

Mrs. Laura McKee is spending a few days in Lewiston to be near her husband, who is very ill at the C. M. G. Hospital.

Nearly everyone in this vicinity has been having their ice houses filled the past few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Mills and Little son Dwight spent Saturday evening at John Meserve's.

Lillian McKee spent Sunday with relatives in East Stoneham.

John Mason purchased a new Philco radio quite recently.

Mrs. W. I. Becker, Mrs. Inez Bean and Miss Nadie Murphy spent the night at John Meserve's quite lately.

Mrs. Hester McKee spent the same night with her parents. Miss McKee has completed the winter term of teaching in Albany, and is assisting her sister, Mrs. Beryl Green of North Waterford, who is recovering from an operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Laroque and family attended Mr. Laroque's father's funeral at West Lovell last Monday.

### WEST STONEHAM

Mrs. Martha Adams visited relatives in Fryeburg Saturday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. John Adams, who are spending the winter at Charles Emery's, North Fryeburg, came to their home here to stay Saturday night and Sunday.

Mrs. Guy Morse spent the day Thursday with Mr. John D. Grover. Thelma Morse, Vera Parker, Eva McAllister and Sophie Butters sking from North Lovell to call on Mrs. Morse, made their call at Mrs. Grover's. Mrs. I. A. Andrews called at Mrs. Grover's the same afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Allen and sons Nelson and Rex, went to North Waterford Sunday afternoon.

The Reverends Townsend, Bull and Brandon called at all the houses in this neighborhood Wednesday.

Seymour Butters spent Saturday night and Sunday at his home at North Lovell.

John D. Grover and Seymour Butters helped to fill I. A. Andrews' ice house last week.

### Howe Hill, Locke Mills

Albert Swan has been taking Gerald Robinson's place as engineer at E. L. Roberts' mill.

Albert Baker injured his eye at the mill last week.

Edwinton Cole called at Elmer Cole's at Greenwood Center recently.

Mrs. Robert Cole was in Bryant Pond Saturday morning.

Mrs. Butters and Alice Andrews have been visiting their sister, Mrs. Theodore Dunham.

Mrs. Merle Lurvey and Mrs. L. A. Newell visited their father, Stan, at Fryeburg recently.

Joseph Baker was in Bethel Sunday. Willard and Edwinton Sunday afternoon with his brother, Robert Cole.

Mrs. Robert Cole visited at Mrs. M. A. Kelle's Sunday afternoon.

Monday callers at Elmer Cole's were Mr. and Mrs. Leonard King of Howe Hill.

Sam and Roger Hanson returned from North Stoneham Sunday.

W. H. Hark High students are back at school after a winter's recess.

### HANOVER

Mrs. Emma Powers, who has been visiting at Tilton, N. H., returned home Saturday.

Several from this vicinity attended the child party at Bear River Grange that Friday evening. There will be another one Feb. 6.

Mrs. Emma Silver and Charles Saxon celebrated their birthday by a birthday supper at the Saxoners, and made in the evening, Wednesday.

Arthur Howe was at Dr. Twaddle's office for treatment recently.

The Misses Eva and Blanche Russell and Mrs. Grace Russell entertained at Ladies Aid Wednesday. A home for dinner was served to 21 ladies, after which work was carried on during the afternoon on aprons, etc.

Three boys returned from last week's skating at the lake.

### EAST STONEHAM

Monday seems to be the day for storms as it has snowed for three Monday in succession.

"Doc" Farrington cut and loaded 1180 cake of ice in one day this last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Bickford and George Stephenson were in Norway on business Thursday.

Donald Fies of South Paris is spending his week's vacation with his aunt, Mrs. Curtis Bickford.

Mrs. Lucy McAllister is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. John Barker.

Mrs. Errol Barker spent the day Wednesday with her sister, Mrs. Herbert Dammun.

Christine Nelson and Richard Fies were home from Norway over the week end.

A number of young people from Stoneham attended the "Poverty Party" at North Waterford Friday night.

Saturday, Jan. 24, was the coldest day we have had so far this winter.

Edwin Allen, who has been quite sick with the "flu," is some better.

Morton McAllister has finished hauling birch for Blanche McKee and is now hauling for his father, F. R. McAllister.

Archie Stearns, who works at South Paris, was home over Sunday.

Mrs. Ann Fies is visiting at John Fies' in South Paris this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Walker of Harrison were callers at Mrs. Herbert Dammun's Sunday.

Nellie Richards has been quite sick with tonsillitis.

Cliff Gulliver from Oakland, Maine, is staying at Herman Richards'.

Mary Pride visited her parents at Norway over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Ervil Curtis were in Lewiston Sunday and called at C. M. G. Hospital to see Amos McKee. He is gaining very slowly.

### NORTH BETHEL

Deferred  
D. S. Curtis of Bridgton was a business visitor in town Friday.

Mrs. Edith Bailey of Bethel was a visitor of her sister, Mrs. James Reynolds, one day last week.

Harry Williamson and Cleo Brown of Upton were in town recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Fuller and family and Harold Fuller of Upton were in town one day last week.

### Read Our New Series

#### The Boyhood of Famous Americans

By J. V. Fitzgerald

Five-minute stories dealing with the boyhood and early youth of a number of men eminent in the current life of this nation; showing the influences which directed them in the choice of a career, and the circumstances and qualities which shaped their actions and placed them on the road to success. Narratives representing the very essence of human interest.

This Feature Will Appear in the Columns of This Publication

Bowdoinham—Sagadahoc Fertilizer Company reorganized and will resume operations.  
Freeport—Local waterworks to lay new service water pipes for Main Street customers.

**Everybody wants a radio that's NEW!**

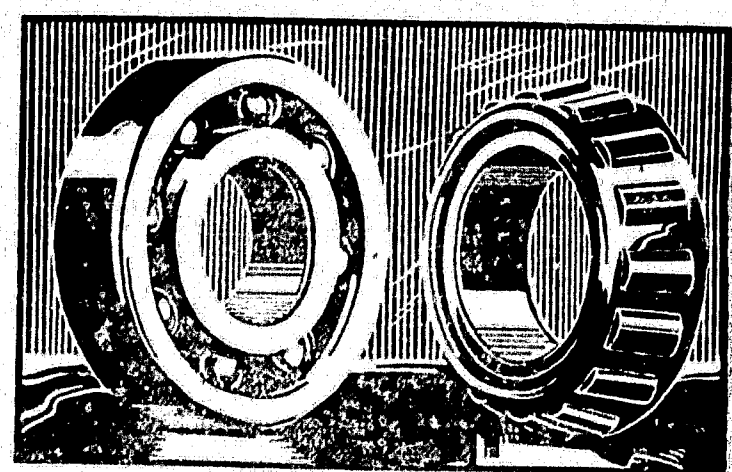
**\$49.95**  
complete with tubes

## Gloritone RADIO

COME in and put the new Gloritone through its paces—there's the way to prove conclusively that here's a radio that's really something new and different. And it's such a convenient little set—doesn't take up much room—doesn't cost very much money, in fact only a fraction of what you'd expect to pay for the sort of reception it gives you. If you're mechanically-minded you'll be mighty interested in the improvements and refinements embodied in this new set—if you only judge by results, just listen to its tone, its sensitivity and selectivity and be convinced! Obviously the thing to do is hear the Gloritone—as soon as possible!

**E. J. Marshall**  
Bethel, Maine

## FORD SMOOTHNESS



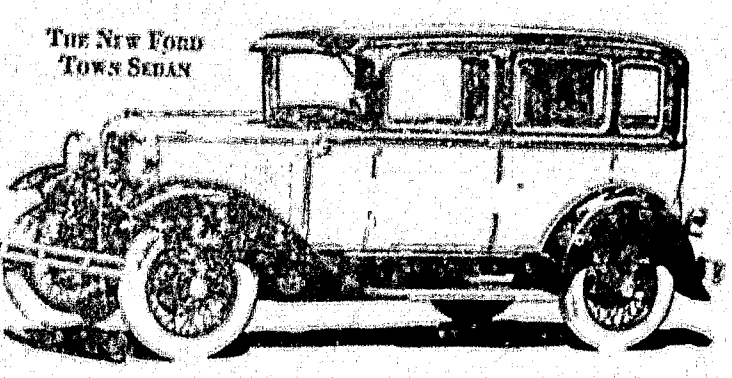
The new Ford has more than twenty ball and roller bearings

EVIDENCE of the high quality built into the new Ford is the extensive use of ball and roller bearings. There are more than twenty in all—an unusually large number. Each bearing is adequate in size and carefully selected for the work it has to do.

At some points in the Ford chassis you will find ball bearings. At others, roller bearings are used regardless of their higher cost. The deciding factor is the performance of the car.

The extensive use of ball and roller bearings in the new Ford insures smoother operation, saves gasoline, increases speed and power, gives quicker pick-up, decreases noise, and gives greater reliability and longer life to vital moving parts.

Other outstanding features that make the new Ford a value far above the price are the Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield, silent, fully enclosed four-wheel brakes, four Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers, aluminum pistons, chrome silicon alloy valves, three-quarter floating rear axle, Rustless Steel, the extensive use of fine steel forgings, and unusual accuracy in manufacturing.



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F. O. B. Detroit, plus freight and delivery. Humpers and spare tire extra at small cost. You can purchase a Ford on economical terms through the authorized Ford Finance Plans of the National Credit Company.



## The Boyhood of Famous Americans

Chief Justice  
Kindergarten  
place, even for a



The result was taken out of school mother and father. been a school teaching. Few parents equipped to teach home.

Charles Evans Housh, as his plan to study the was in kindergarten was born in 1892 in where his father had a little boys and girls.

Perhaps because of his early robust his more time to him. He have been the developed rapidly. He ed interest in book was able to talk. nursery rhymes when his father was church in Oswego was summarily removed ten.

When he was eight was living in Newar was able to translate the Greek. He was 4 or of Shakespeare's early age.

He later went to York city where he from high school in of thirteen as a student. His orator, scholarly tone and the orator, surprised attended the exercise Academy of Music in.

While attending, I wrote essays on such Limitation of the Human Help," and "The Evolution." He was much a deep student and a

The Rev. Mr. Housh son to become a clergy felt a real call to the Young Charles had no mind definitely as to when he entered Colgate. He was a student of the questions of scholars would talk well and even with his elders. more mature than his.

The boy spent two years From there he went to enter as a student. He immediately was indicated in his life. He was a brilliant student and retiring in disposition.

He gained many set at Brown. He won the highest standing in nature when he was a graduation, at the age was awarded the prize showing the most all. He was honor man.

By this time he had his mind not to become. Deciding against following for which his father went from Brown under N. Y. There he taught in the Delaware academy.

He studied law at University at night after New York city and when the bar when he was twenty.

While the young law sickly as a child he physical capacity for work three years. He was a clerk in a law office at night he acted as a tutor at Columbia.

Finally his health at the strain. He was on a vacation. He spent it of commercial and Cornell university.

The upstate climate him. When he returned city he was able to three into the duties of a son as a professional, treated with public attention for the law.

He added to his reputation lawyer by his the Insurance Inquiry New York state inquiry.

Later he was elected New York and re-elected, became a United States Justice. He retired to his party's the President. He had the office within the gift of a people because of a fact in California. Later Secretary of State and Justice of the United States.

(© The North American News)



## The Boyhood of Famous Americans

By J. V. Fitzgerald

### Chief Justice Chas. E. Hughes

Kindergarten certainly wasn't any place, even for a boy of five, when the lad was able to outline a plan of study for the classics to his father, Rev. David Hughes, Baptist minister in Oswego, N. Y., made up his mind to that effect when his son, Charles, presented such a plan to him shortly after he had been entered in the infant class.

The result was that the boy was taken out of school and tutored by his mother and father. Mrs. Hughes had been a school teacher before her marriage. Few parents were so well equipped to teach a bright lad at home.

Charles Evans Hughes was a precocious child, as his formulation of a plan to study the classics when he was in kindergarten will bear out. He was born in 1862 in Glens Falls, N. Y., where his father had a small congregation. He was delicate as a child and didn't romp and play much with other little boys and girls.

Perhaps because he was not particularly robust his parents devoted more time to him than might ordinarily have been the case. His mind developed rapidly. He showed a decided interest in books as soon as he was able to talk. He was reading nursery rhymes when he was three and a half years old. He was five when his father was transferred to a church in Oswego when Charles was summarily removed from kindergarten.

When he was eight, and the family was living in Newburg, N. Y., the lad was able to translate the Bible from the Greek. He was also a wide reader of Shakespeare's works at this early age.

He later went to school in New York city where he was graduated from high school in 1875 at the age of thirteen as salutatorian of his class. His oration, because of its scholarly tone and the fine delivery of the orator, surprised a big crowd that attended the exercises in the old Academy of Music in that city.

While attending high school he wrote essays on such subjects as "The Limitation of the Human Mind," "Self Help," and "The Belts of Light Literature." He was marked even then as a deep student and thinker.

The Rev. Mr. Hughes wanted his son to become a clergyman, if the boy felt a real call to the religious life. Young Charles had not made up his mind definitely as to his future career when he entered Colgate at the age of fourteen. He was a slight boy at the time and timid, save when it came to questions of scholarship. Then he would talk well and enthusiastically, even with his elders. Mentally he was more mature than his classmates.

The boy spent two years at Colgate. From there he went to Brown university, entering as a sophomore in 1878. He immediately showed all the promise indicated in his high school days. He was a brilliant student, but modest and retiring in disposition.

He gained many scholastic honors at Brown. He won the prize for the highest standing in English literature when he was a junior. Upon graduation, at the age of nineteen, he was awarded the prize as the student showing the most all-around promise. He was honor man in his class.

By this time he had finally made up his mind not to become a clergyman. Deciding against following the career for which his father had hoped, he went from Brown university to Delphi, N. Y. There he taught mathematics in the Delaware academy.

He studied law at Columbia university at night after returning to New York city and was admitted to the bar when he was twenty-two years old.

While the young lawyer had been busy as a child he showed great physical capacity for work in the next three years. He was engaged as a clerk in a law office during the day. At night he acted as a teacher and tutor at Columbia.

Finally his health suffered under the strain. He was ordered to take a vacation. He spent it as a teacher of commercial and contract law at Cornell university.

The upstate climate agreed with him. When he returned to New York city he was able to throw himself enthusiastically into the duties of his profession as a practitioner. He first attracted wide public attention as counsel for the gas investigation committee. He added to his reputation as an outstanding lawyer by his conduct of the insurance investigation, another New York state inquiry.

Later he was elected governor of New York and re-elected, resigning to become a United States Supreme court justice. He retired from the bench to be his party's candidate for the presidency. He lost the highest office within the gift of the American people because of a factional squabble in California. Later he served as Secretary of State and is now chief justice of the United States Supreme court.

(C) The North American Newspaper Alliance

## The Song of the Reaper

BY A. J. DUNLAP



The greasy old reaper was rusty  
And stood in the tumbled-down shed,  
Through most of the year it was silent  
A thing without purpose and dead.  
But harvest-time waked the old reaper,  
When summer winds laughed through the grain;  
Then day after day as it labored  
The old reaper sang this refrain:  
"I'm only a battered old reaper,  
Ramshackle and covered with rust,  
And I toil in the wheel fields of summer  
Through the shimmering heat and the dust;  
I love to be out in the open,  
My spirit in action, set free  
As I gather the golden-ripe harvest—  
God's gift to humanity."

THE OLD FARM SERIES

### NORTH PARIS

The Women's Division of the Farm Bureau will hold its first meeting of the year Thursday, Jan. 29, at Community Hall. The meeting will be in charge of Mrs. F. A. Littlehale, with "Main Dishes and Leftovers," as the project.

Mrs. S. E. Coffin will act as dinner committee, with Mrs. F. A. Littlehale. All are cordially invited.

Owing to the weather there was only a small attendance to the supper and social Thursday evening. Alfred Andrews and William Littlehale were the committee. Those attending pronounced the supper of extra quality.

Schools reopened Monday after a week vacation. The teachers, Misses Dean and Boede, are boarding with Mrs. D. H. Perkins.

Those attending the Federated Church are enjoying music by a mixed quartet at their Sunday services. Those singing in the quartet are S. I. Wheeler, Floyd Hart, Howard Hart, Mrs. Nelson Cole, Mrs. Charles Bidley, and Lois Childs, with Esther Wheeler at the organ.

Miss Marion Perkins leaves Friday, Jan. 30, for Hartford, Conn., where she will enter the Hartford General Hospital to train for a nurse. On her way she will stop with friends in Portland, one night with her cousin, Margaret Perkins in Boston, and over the week end with her brother, Fredrick Perkins, and wife in Hartford, entering in her course, Feb. 3.

Aiton Hadley is visiting his daughter in Vermont.

Leon Conant returned to his work in the shoe shop at Norway Monday, having been laid off several months for lack of orders.

Mrs. S. E. Coffin, Clarence Coffin, and Mrs. Martha Martin were in Auburn Sunday. On their way home they called on Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Richardson at Hackett's Mills.

Mrs. Nina Felt of Norway called on her daughter, Mrs. Floreston Pierce, Saturday.

Mrs. Gordon Abbott is visiting her parents at Vanceboro. Mr. and Mrs. Abbott will soon return to Lebanon, Conn., where he has employment.

### EAST BETHEL

Mrs. Ola Olson has returned from the Rumford Community Hospital. Mrs. Maggie Newton is gaining from her sickness of rheumatic fever. Leslie Carter has moved his family to E. A. Trask's where he will be employed.

Raymond Bartlett, Eugene and Ellen Burns have started in school again after a week's vacation.

### NORTH NORWAY

Not much news these days. Snow and cold weather, with the tractors and breaking roads every few days, are the principal events.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Morse and daughter Grace, Mrs. Elsie Heath and Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Cox attended church at the Norway center church Wednesday, Jan. 28th. Those who entertained were Mrs. Emma Flint, Mrs. Alice Watson and Mrs. Hazel Hunt.

Ernest Watson, who is at the Hebron sanatorium, seems to be getting along well.

Arvo Brown and Jerry Ryan of Norway center have been filling some of the ice houses at the cottages around the lake. John Weman has been helping them.

Theodore Whitman and Edwin Ausonday in Auburn at the home of her mother, Mrs. Sadie Peabody, Bryant.

last week.

Mrs. Alma Jenkins spent the day Jan. 24th, with her girlhood friend and schoolmate, Mrs. Alvin Brown, Norway Center.

Mrs. Alice Watson, Norway Center, and Miss Lella Watson from the village, went to Hebron Sunday to call on their son and nephew, Ernest Watson, who is a patient in the sanatorium there.

### SOUTH WOODSTOCK

Mrs. Caroline Eicher and Elsie Dean were calling among the neighbors Thursday.

Gerald Davis was a week end visitor at O. P. Brown's, Bryant Pond. Atwood Radcliff was a Sunday caller on James P. Farrington.

Mrs. Vera Back spent the day shopping in Norway Tuesday.

Charles Sanborn was hauling hay from Kenneth Benson's to Gerald Benson's the first of the week.

Mrs. Gerald Davis returned to her home here Sunday afternoon from her week's visit in Bryant Pond.

Leola Bell of Bryant Pond was a caller at George Davis' recently when on his way to West Paris, where he was going to visit his father, the drama, "Bachelor's Hall," which was staged by the Woodstock High School, Saturday, Jan. 31, at the Grange Hall, Bryant Pond.

Guyson Davis, Linwood and Stanley Andrews are again attending West Paris High School after spending a week's vacation at their home here.

Harry Silver is cutting his second and complains that the thickness, 15 to 20 inches, makes it a tedious job to handle.

Will Magoon is making his home this winter with his daughter, Mrs. George Tuell.

Mrs. Eda Wilson Waterhouse is visiting her great aunt, Georgie Hendrickson.

Sickness among the children, one of which has pneumonia, necessitates the daily attendance of Dr. Kay of West Paris to the family of Edward Koskella.

Mrs. Joseph Ring of West Paris was a visitor in the place recently.

George Tuell was delivering grain through the place this week. He takes orders about the first of each month, receiving a carload about the fifteenth from Springfield, Mass.

Much sympathy is expressed for the family of Ernest Crocker, whose young son is very sick at the C. M. G. Hospital, Lewiston. Mrs. Crocker is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Benson of Sumner.

Gayden Davis was at Tuell Town Saturday, where he butchered and dressed a hog for Harold Stevens. The carter about 35 hogs and beef carcasses are prepared for home consumption by local and out of town people this winter.

Little Otto Appleby, aged three years, who formerly lived here, but now at Perkins Valley, is receiving medical treatment at a recent operation for the removal of adenoids. Mrs. Mary Benson, Otto's grandmother, is the nurse.

Mrs. Martha Cook, who recently fell on the ice and injured her head and neck, is reported to be greatly improved and resting comfortably. "Aunt Martha" has the sympathy of everyone who hope for her early recovery.

Mrs. Archie Hodgkins has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Clark, of Bryant Pond.

Margaret Peabody, with her mother, Irene and Helen, spent the day Wednesday in Auburn at the home of her mother, Mrs. Sadie Peabody, Bryant.

The day was wonderful for the children who formerly lived at Auburn, and it brought back many scenes which they had nearly forgotten since living with their aunt on the farm here at South Woodstock.

Mrs. Ellis Davis (nee Olive Piugree) attended the Lecturers' Conference at Waterville, being sent as a representative of Franklin Grange, Bryant Pond. Mrs. Davis reports a very interesting conference and much good derived from the instructions received.

Your correspondent of South Woodstock calls the attention of all grange members to the "little reading," first column, page four, in Saturday's edition of the Lewiston Daily Sun, printed Jan. 24.

School began Monday, Jan. 26, after a week's vacation and the children are again eager in their play in the school yard. The teacher, Miss Mary Hendrickson, spent several days of her vacation visiting a former classmate of Pine Tree Academy, Auburn, at East Sumner. Miss Myrtle Thurlow, the other teacher, also visited among school classmates during vacation.

### Magalloway and Vicinity

#### AZISCOOS GRANGE

Aziscoos Grange met in regular session Saturday evening at eight o'clock. Robert Storey was in the chair. Officers pro tem: Chaplain, Clinton Bennett; Pomona, Addie Lancaster; Ceres, Isabelle Bryant; Flora, Eva Ripley.

Grange opened in form with 18 members present. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

It was voted to have another Whist Party Friday night, February 6. Committee: Clinton Bennett, Isabelle Bryant.

The following committees were appointed for 1931: Degree Work—Isabelle Bryant, Addie Lancaster, Clinton Bennett; Degree Master—Clinton Bennett.

The literary program was furnished by the men. Next meeting is ladies' night.

Hot dogs and rolls, doughnuts, jelly rolls and coffee were served for refreshments by Andrew Hynes. Grange closed in form.

Rev. and Mrs. Robert Haldane and son and Miss Elizabeth Haldane were guests at dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Littlehale, Sunday.

Carl Littlehale is helping Charlie Lannell haul pulp wood. Lester Littlehale was in Lewiston last week.

Arthur Littlehale is stopping at Lester Littlehale's for a while. Gerald Littlehale and George Bennett have been cutting hard wood for Peter Littlehale.

Miss Lucinda Ripley of South Paris is visiting with Katherine Cameron. Ellis Olson, who has been working for Clinton Littlehale since Oct. 1st, has returned home.

Church services were held in the school house Sunday afternoon by Rev. Robert Haldane.

Bath—Bath Iron Works Corporation awarded contract to construct seven all steel patrol boats costing \$195,000 each for coast guard.

Dover-Foxcroft—Work started on construction of filling station to be erected on Exchange lot in Monument Square, for Chase and Kendal, Texaco agents in this section.

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You'll avoid disappointment by using household medicine that is standard in the homes of thousands of families. Your dealer sells the old reliable "L. F." Atwood's Medicine. The 50c bottle contains 60 doses. It's a valuable prescription for stomach and bowel troubles; purifies, invigorates. Gain health with "L. F."

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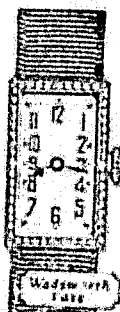
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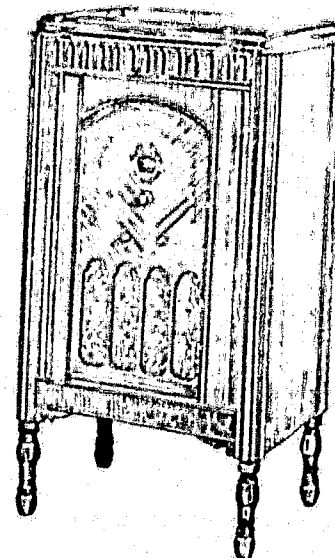
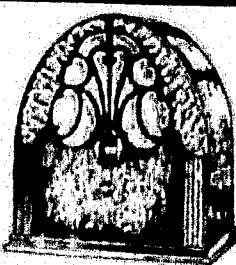
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WEST BETHEL







## Polly and Her Pearls

By ELIZABETH BARTON

(Copyright)

POLLY would not have gone to the dance at all if she had her own way about it, but Tommy talked her into it. "I have nothing to wear among such swaggy people," said Polly.

"Make something out of that soft pillow," advised Tommy, "and you'll look a thousand times better than the average."

And as a matter of fact there was not a more beautiful girl at the great ball than Polly in her wisp of evening gown that she had fashioned her gray slippers and stockings to match, and the whole topped as Tommy put it by her curly ring of curls.

"That old string of beads could be a priceless lot of pearls for all anyone here might know," he told her as they danced.

"And if they were real," retorted Polly. "I would not be here seeking patrons for my art shop—I could have such a gorgeous shop that people would come in spite of themselves. She toyed gracefully with the long string of beads in question. "Oh, dear! Isn't that the limit—right in the middle of the ballroom!" she exclaimed, and a brilliant blush sprang swiftly to her cheeks. This string had broken and the beads were rolling everywhere at once.

Of course, she was the center of attention, and all the dancers stopped to help rescue what they supposed to be pearls.

"Please don't bother," said Polly. "they are only beads."

Nevertheless they were nearly all restored to her and she put them carefully into her small vanity bag.

A young man, however, sitting watching the affair had picked up a few of the beads and having overheard Polly's remark about their value, looked carefully at them.

"Humph! I think I'll show these to Caruthers—look like the real thing to me. Perhaps I can do the young lady a good turn. Further fancy her any way?" He mumbled, by much inquiry, to find out who Polly was and that she had a wee shop where she sold lamp shades, cushions and other such trifles.

And as Polly and Tommy strolled up Park avenue to the tiny place that was Polly's home, Tommy wished with all his heart that he was anything but an impecunious artist who dared not tell the only girl how much he loved her. He had been quite ashamed to give her the old string of beads on the occasion of her birthday some few years back, but it was all he had in his scant possessions.

When Polly said good-night she apologized softly for having caused such a scene at the dance.

"I didn't want to let that crowd know how much I valued every one of those beads, Tommy, but I think we found most of them." She gave him a hand an extra warm squeeze and slipped swiftly up the stairs. "Come early Sunday afternoon," she called back to him.

Sunday was the happiest day of their week, for Polly, tired of her own cooking, let Tommy get her tea and supper Sunday night.

And on Sunday evening while Polly was tidying up through some music and Tommy was making something delicious in the kitchen, some one knocked at the front door. Polly hastened to see who it might be and whether her niece evening with Tommy was to be shared with a third person.

That third person happened to be the young man who had picked up three of the beads from Polly's string. After telling her his mission he was promptly invited in.

And when Polly told him that she had a string of them that would go three times around her neck the young man gasped.

"My dear young lady," he excitedly told her, "if all those beads are of the value of the three I picked up you have a set of pearls worth at least fifty thousand dollars."

"Tommy, Tommy," she shouted, "come quickly. I'm going to faint!" And when Tommy rushed from the kitchen with a pair of steaming towels to her, she stood up and braced her shoulders and decided not to faint. "No I won't," she said and turned to the strange young man. "Tell Mr. Watchfield what you have just said."

Tommy had all he could do to keep the steaming Sunday night supper from grazing the studio floor.

"They've been in the Watchfield family for ages—I don't think their value was ever suspected," he said calmly.

"My pat says that is only a rough estimate—they may be worth double that amount."

"In that case I shall most certainly faint," laughed Polly, and invited the strange young man to stay for supper.

But something in the eyes of these two artists prevented him from accepting. The fire and hope and longing there were not to be intended upon. He left them to their happiness.

**Kingdoms of the Past**  
Arron and Jabbok are important points in the history of Israel. They mark the boundaries of two ancient mighty kingdoms whose monarchs—Shihon, king of the Ammonites, and Og the king of Bashan—were overcome by the band of wanderers from the land of Egypt, who were on their way to take possession of the land promised to their forefathers, which was to extend from the sea to the "great river," the Euphrates.

## Found There Was Limit to Customers' Patience

At the time of the rush into the Palmer gold field, in northern Queensland, Australia, justice was rough but fair, observes the Dunedin (N. Z.) Star, in quoting an incident of the day. The one storekeeper there, when stocking, took up a barrel of horse-shoe nails, thinking that they would readily sell to diggers who, in loading their pack horses, eliminated the last ounce everything of weight that was not eatable. As it chanced, however, there was no demand for the nails. Every man who had a horse carried a few in his pocket. After the nails had been on his hands for a while he struck the brilliant idea that he would force sales by refusing to sell any flour or sugar or rice unless the buyer also purchased an equal weight of nails.

For a time the men grumbled, but bought and, not needing the nails, put them back in the barrel, so that they became to the storekeeper what the cruise was to the widow. Eventually the swindle got wind and a big rumour spread. About a hundred diggers assembled and took charge of the store. They weighed the nails, paid full price, chucked them into the creek, and on a signboard made of enameled wood they notified all and sundry: "No more nails."

## Rich Level Tracts in the Scottish Highlands

The region known to the world as the Highlands of Scotland has no political or civil boundary. Separated by only a vague line of demarcation from the division called the Lowlands, the Scottish Highlands may be briefly described as that portion of the north and northwest of Scotland in which the Celtic language and manners have less or more lingered until modern times. The "Highlands," as it is usually called, extends diagonally across Scotland from Cairn na Moray firth to Dumbarton on the Clyde, but the mountainous part of the counties of Banff, Moray, Aberdeen, Kincardine and Perth are also understood to be included in the designation "Highlands." Caltness might be excluded as being a generally level country; but throughout the Highlands there are rich level tracts, none being more so than the eastern division of Ross-shire. The Hebrides or Western Isles are included in the Highlands, but the Isles of Orkney and Shetland, though to the north, are distinctly excluded, by reason of the Norse origin of their inhabitants.

## Forty Centuries Ago

One-way traffic was in use nearly 4,000 years ago in the Neolithic, or Stone Age, camp on the famous Trundale hill overlooking Goodwood, near Stone, in Sussex, England. Dr. Cecil Curwen, the archaeologist, who has been conducting excavations on the site, states, "It is certain that one way into the camp was used only as an entrance and the other as an exit. These camps are extremely rare; there are only a dozen in the whole of England; the date of this camp is approximately 2000 B. C. The most interesting Neolithic find was that of a large semi-circular block of stone with a hole being worked up into a ridge with sharp flint marks radiating from it; possibly an early method of making fire."

## Charleston "Sugar House"

The old Sugar house at Charleston, S. C., was the name given to the workhouse, a place of detention for fugitive slaves and the punishment of slaves and free negroes. It was here that the lashes were applied, and hence the name Sugar house. The workhouse was under the care of a commissioner of five citizens, with a master or keeper. It was a city in situation and was conducted under the ordinances, with prescribed rates for the care of the inmates—dieting, clothing, number of lashes, etc. The building stood on the corner of what is now known as Logan and Magazine streets and was destroyed by fire in the conflagration of 1844.

## Antlers Grow Quickly

Deer's antlers are shed completely every year, between January and March. It takes about four months or until about August, for the antlers to reach full growth. When the antlers are dropped, the roots or pedicles exposed are rough disks of bone belonging to the frontal bone of the skull. In a week or so this is covered by the dark brown skin of the head and then the new antlers begin to develop. The material of which they are composed is similar to that which forms hair. The antlers of a healthy vigorous elk or caribou will grow at the rate of one third of an inch per day, or more, once they are fairly started.

## His Noise Brings the Coin

Hoping for the funds with which to rebuild a temple an old Chaldean for 25 years been traversing the streets of Peking. As an evidence of his holy character he wears a shaven head and carries a shaven head. His method of extracting the coin is unique. He carries a large wooden gong which he strikes with a mallet and takes up a position in front of a man. When he strikes a deafening noise is heard and the man who has been struck and gives him an adequate amount of money. He will move on, unless he is retained until the sum is increased.

## NOTICE OF LOST BANK BOOK

Notice is hereby given that the Bethel Savings Bank has been notified that book of deposit issued by said bank to Mrs. Lillian M. McGinley and numbered 1147 has been destroyed or lost, and that she desires to have a new book of deposit issued to her.

BETHEL SAVINGS BANK,  
By A. E. Herrick, Treas.,  
Bethel, Maine.

## NOTICE OF LOST BANK BOOK

Notice is hereby given that the Bethel Savings Bank has been notified that book of deposit issued by said bank to Mrs. Nellie Littlehale and numbered 1472 has been destroyed or lost, and it is desired that a new book of deposit be issued.

BETHEL SAVINGS BANK,  
By A. E. Herrick, Treas.,  
Bethel, Maine.

## NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE

Whereas Herbert H. Morton and Daisy H. Morton, both of Newry, County of Oxford, State of Maine, by their notary deed, dated November 2, 1929, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for said County of Oxford, Book 382, Page 179, conveyed to the L. W. Ramsell Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of said State of Maine, and located at Bethel, in said County of Oxford, a certain parcel of land situated in said Newry, with the buildings thereon standing, bounded and described as follows, viz: On the north by land of Pearl Kilgore, formerly the land of Herbert O. Chapman; on the east by land formerly of Ralph W. Kilgore; on the south by land of Charles C. Bennett, formerly; and on the west by Bear River, so called.

Also a certain other lot or parcel of land being formerly the Edmund P. Chapman fifty acre lot, so called, and being one-half of the hundred acre lot purchased by said Chapman et al of R. L. Paine, said Chapman half being conveyed to Reuben Foster, and being the southeasterly half of lot numbered six in the seventh range of lots in said Newry, or that part of Newry which was formerly Andover West Surplus.

And whereas the condition of said mortgage has been broken: Now, therefore, by reason of the breach of the condition thereof said undersigned corporation claims a foreclosure of said mortgage.

Dated at Bethel, Maine, this 20th day of January, 1931.  
L. W. RAMSELL COMPANY  
By Llewellyn W. Ramsell,  
its treasurer, duly authorized.

January 20th, 1931.  
Subscribed and sworn to as true by said Llewellyn W. Ramsell, Treasurer as aforesaid, before me.

ELDERLY C. PARK,  
Justice of the Peace.

## NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of George W. Harlow, late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

BESSIE L. MARTIN,  
Bethel, Maine.

## NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Imogene M. Browne, late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

SYLVANUS H. BROWNE,  
Bethel, Maine.

## NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Ella A. Bryant, late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

CHARLES C. BRYANT,  
Bethel, Maine.

## NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of George M. Bennett, late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

GARD C. BENNETT,  
Bethel, Maine.

## EAST WATERFORD

Mrs. Bert Heath is taking treatment of Dr. Tyler of Newry.

L. E. McIntire took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Pinkham Tuesday, also little Margaret Bean.

Leon Bean and Frank Hart were in Bridgton Sunday.

Clara Bean and Miranda Heath spent Tuesday evening with L. E. McIntire.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Bean and daughter Dorothy took supper Thursday night with Mr. and Mrs. George Bean.

George Stevens moved some hen houses for Raymond Haman at East Waterford recently.

Miranda Heath and son John took dinner with Clara Bean and family.

## Wednesday.

Mrs. Omar Moxey visited school Friday.

L. E. McIntire and Mrs. R. E. Pinkham were in Newry Friday.

## Drive to Middle Ages

The only way to vividly describe a trip to the little republic of San Marino in Italy, say, from such a place as Bethel, is to say it is a carriage drive to the Middle Ages. Here it is, just as it has been for centuries—the smallest republic in the world and high up in the clouds, or as they say themselves, the nearest country to heaven. Its walls are precipitous and it has about 13,000 citizens. Entered the ancient gate after the climb to the impregnable mount of city towers, it really seems as though the world below was of another age and that for its people are still ruled by the old Roman laws.

## Darwin's Life and Work

Charles Robert Darwin was born at Shrewsbury, England, February 12, 1809. He was the grandson of Erasmus Darwin. He studied at Edinburgh and Cambridge, was naturalist to H. M. S. Beagle on a voyage of exploration around the world—1831-36. On his return he took up residence in a secluded village in Kent where he devoted himself to scientific research. He published in 1859 his chief work, "On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection," in which he propounded his theory of biological evolution. This was followed by a number of other scientific publications. He died at Down, Kent, April 19, 1882.

## British Monarch's Position

The king, to the people of Great Britain, is the embodiment and symbol of the unity and permanence of the British empire. Although the power of the king is less than that of the President of many countries, his activities are not confined to the sphere of politics. He is the social head of the country, the patron of religion, charities, science, agriculture and other enterprises, also the encourager of sports. The king remains aloof from party politics, therefore he is not held responsible for acts of his ministers.

## Banned Book in Thatch

In one of the old houses in course of reconstruction at Cumbernauld, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, an old copy of Thomas Paine's "Rights of Man" was found hidden in the thatch. The date on the volume is 1792, and it is probable that it was in the possession of one of the "rebel" weavers of that day. It gives a glimpse of the time when anyone found in possession of Paine's book was liable to transportation to the plantations. Surely, the Chartist weaver, may have been a tenant of the house at one time.

## STATE OF MAINE.

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named: At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-one. The following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen, a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at said Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of February, A. D. 1931, at 10 o'clock A. M. in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Said L. E. Cummings, late of Paris, deceased; his last Account presented for allowance by Allen E. Cummings, administrator.

Allen E. Cummings, late of Paris, deceased; his last Account presented by Maud A. Cummings, widow.

Rachel R. Martiny, late of Paris, deceased; her last Account presented by R. H. Martiny, administrator.

Said L. E. Cummings, late of Paris, deceased; his last Account presented by Allen E. Cummings, administrator.

Harriet L. Martiny, late of Paris, deceased; her last Account presented by R. H. Martiny, administrator.

George M. Bennett, late of Bethel, deceased; his last Account presented by G. M. Bennett, administrator.

William M. Bean, late of Bethel, deceased; his last Account presented by W. M. Bean, administrator.

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## "Snuffing in the Shrubbery"

Freud in the garden of this world—this play that has moved poets to such lyrics in praise of it that we echo the praises if only to give ourselves the grace of fittingness to the garden. Freud in this palace of natural delight where never a day breaks but the heavens burst into blossom and never a night falls but somewhere indescribable beauty greets the eyes of men—Freud, who has brought us keys to open fresh doors of the palace that stands in this garden, is himself like a creature going hideously on all fours, scuffling about amid the shrubbery—Max Plowman in the Adelphi, London.

## Heat Appeals to Fungi

Temperatures that ordinary animals and plants could not endure for more than short periods are built up and apparently enjoyed by the fungi that breed in piles of rotting straw. Experiments at the Rothamsted experimental station near London show that these organisms of decay thrive best at a temperature of about 130 degrees Fahrenheit, which is more than halfway from freezing to boiling point. These fungi, it has been found, do more than the bacteria often found associated with them toward the reduction of straw to a soil-enriching fertilizer resembling farmyard manure.

## The Congregational Men's Club

will present

## The Norway Players

in

# "Shavings"

by JOE LINCOLN

## Odeon Hall

Thurs. Feb. 5

Reserved Seats 50c, General 35c, Children 25c

Tickets will be on sale at Bosserman's Monday morning, Feb. 2

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# MONEY TO BURN

BY PETER B. KYNE  
W.N.U. SERVICE

"You can't miss what you have never had," said Elmer Clarke when asked how he would feel if he learned that the story about his inheriting a million dollars were all a myth. "Firstly good, secondly, I would be glad to get on with my life and stop worrying about it. I would be glad to get on with my life and stop worrying about it. I would be glad to get on with my life and stop worrying about it."

He had another lawyer draw up his will. "That would please me greatly," Absalom McPeake replied serenely. "For less than that I'd decline to draw your will."

CHAPTER I  
Mr. Absalom McPeake's secretary came into her employer's office with an important announcement. Mr. Hiram Butterworth was waiting in the outer office and desiring to see him. "Keep him waiting half an hour," the lawyer answered. "I haven't finished reading the morning paper and a half hour wait will have a good psychological effect on that old rascal."

"To Whom Do You Wish to Be Quoted Your Estate?" He Queried.  
He said to leave it to, and that's my late wife's son, Elmer Butterworth Clarke."

remarked, "This letter attached is the report, I take it. Hum-hum!" He read:  
"Dear Sir: We have for acknowledgment your letter of the 10th inst., requesting that we furnish you with a confidential report on Mr. Elmer Butterworth Clarke of this city."  
"Mr. Elmer B. Clarke is well and is known to us and has been for the past fifteen years. The Great Register of Voters of this county informs us that Mr. Clarke is a Republican and that he was born October 10, 1898, in Solon, Fresno county, this state. He is the only child of the late Prof. James J. Clarke and the late Mabel Butterworth Clarke."  
"Professor Clarke was a graduate of the University of California and was very eminent in the field of parasitology. His research work contributed much information of tremendous value to the fruit growers of this state. He perished of a fever contracted while in Brazil studying the life and habits of a pest known as the Brazilian fly which had succeeded in invading the territory of Hawaii. His wife died of pneumonia as a sequel to influenza contracted during the epidemic of 1918-19. She was a woman of great intelligence, nobility and force of character, and like her husband, was held in the highest esteem here."

"We enclose herewith a photograph of Elmer Butterworth Clarke, which we succeeded in securing from a local photographer at a cost of \$1.50, for which we would be pleased to have your remittance."  
"Elmer Clarke was twelve years old when his father died. As is the case with most professors and particularly those in federal employ, Professor Clarke's salary was never commensurate with his ability. Also, he was careless in the matter of providing life insurance for his dependents, with the result that the care of his widow fell immediately upon Elmer."  
"At twelve years of age, therefore, Elmer Clarke played his last game of ball and became the sole and efficient support of his mother—a burden lightened somewhat by reason of the fact that Professor Clarke had left his widow a comfortable six-room bungalow on a lot of 100 feet frontage, on C street of this city."  
"Elmer Clarke graduated from the Union high school here at the age of sixteen and was No. 1 on the honor list of ten pupils. He immediately went to work in a local fruit cannery, where the remuneration of employees is regulated by their industry. When the cannery season closed he had three hundred dollars in the saving department of this bank. The following season he bought fruit, on commission, for various packing houses and proved himself an unerring judge of fruit values and crop tonnage."

"However, realizing the drawbacks of a seasonal occupation and faced with the necessity of insuring the care of his mother, he learned telegraphy in his spare moments and secured a position as assistant station agent in the local office of the Southern Pacific railroad. He had just been promoted to station agent at the outbreak of the World war. He enlisted at once and served with the Rainbow division as a radio sergeant, until October of 1918, when he was promoted a second lieutenant. He was wounded twice and slightly gassed."

"For the three years following his discharge from the service, Mr. Clarke's health, due to his wounds and the gassing, already referred to, was too precarious to permit of his acceptance of his old position as station agent at the local office. He therefore accepted a position of less responsibility and higher duties as assistant to the proprietor of a local livery and pool hall with a cigar stand in connection with same."

"He has gradually recovered his health, and the first time he wrote spoke to him on the subject, he stated that he was now as well as he had ever been."

"Mr. Clarke is a very ambitious young man, never satisfied with what he has, always scheming for something better. He is well and very favorably known in this city. As commander of the local post of the American Legion, he is a strong force for better citizenship in our community. He is profoundly interested in politics but too shrewd and far-seeing to desire a political office."

"Mr. Clarke is unmarried and there are no immediate prospects of this status being changed. He pays cash for everything and has a savings account in this bank of approximately twenty-five hundred dollars. At present time he is endeavoring to negotiate with a loan on his C street property, his object being to engage in business for himself. He is a member of the Rotary club, the Kiwanis club, the Hundred Per Cent club, the Optimists club, the Advertising club and president of our local chamber of commerce. He is a Goddard and too big for this town and it is our opinion that he will leave it for wider and greener pastures. We regard him as a model young man and worthy of every confidence."

"Respectfully yours,  
Hiram Butterworth Clarke and Savings Bank."  
"To Elmer Clarke, Trust Officer."  
Absalom McPeake looked up and caught a gleam of pride in Elmer's eyes. "Pretty little fellow," he said. "I should say, Mr. Butterworth."

"He takes after me," the miserable rule proffered.  
"God forbid!" said Absalom McPeake.  
"Don't get nasty, Absalom. The boy takes after me, I tell you. A young fellow like that who knows the value of money is the man who ought to have my estate. He'll make it grow."

"He'll do that," said Elmer. "I'll leave everything to him and let him take the children out of the way."

"Very well, then," Elmer Clarke draws the capital prize. However, I suggest that you leave his cousins something also."

"Not a penny, Absalom. They're wasters, I tell you."

"Well, we'll leave them five dollars each just so they'll be remembered in the will, and that will block a lawsuit."

"You bet, Absalom; I want you to make that will air-tight."

"Do you desire to make any other specific bequests, Mr. Butterworth?"

"Yes, five thousand to Bunker."

"Only five thousand to old Bunker?" McPeake looked and felt surprised. "Why, he's been as faithful to you as a dog for a quarter of a century! I think you're a miserable ingrate to cut Bunker off with five thousand. You ought to give him fifty thousand at the very least. Get some other lawyer to draw your will. I'm through handling your business. You're a wolf. Get out!"

"No, you're not through. Now, Absalom, you hold your horses. You get fresh with me and I'll name some body else executor of my estate."

"Oh, so you want me to be your executor also, do you? Well, I don't want the job. Now, how does that strike you?"

"Absalom, you've got to accept the executorship. You're the one man I can trust."

"Well, I'll take it provided you leave Bunker ten thousand dollars."

"Very well, to please you, but not a cent more. That's final!"

"We will not quarrel about it further. Any other specific bequests?"

"The miser's gaze sought the carpet and it was evident now that he was embarrassed. 'Absalom,' he stammered finally, 'I got a confession to make. Some forty years ago I had a farm in Illinois—I'll give you the full legal description later—and I mortgaged it to a man for forty thousand dollars. I wanted the money to put into the worst investment I ever made, and that was a Nevada silver mine—Consolidated Virginia. I bought stock with that money during the days of the big Comstock excitement. I could have sold out and doubled my money two weeks after I'd made the investment, but I held on and on, until more and more profit—on paper—until that underground river busted into the Comstock lode on the two thousand-foot level and ruined the mine—and me."

"Well, I lost the farm. I couldn't repay the mortgage, Absalom, and after there was a flood and the Mississippi river changed its channel and ruined that farm, I didn't want to repay the loan. Of course the man who loaned me the money lost his forty thousand and the interest. He got a deficiency judgment against me, but I dodged it for twenty years and then his widow or his executor permitted the judgment to lapse—and—well, Absalom, I reckon I'd ought to have paid the widow that money. However, I didn't and now I want to fix it in my will so that every dollar, both principal and interest, due under that judgment to date shall be paid to the widow or me."

"The legal heirs of her body," McPeake put in professionally.

"Old Bunker," Elmer nodded and handed him a fat envelope. "This contains all the information," he explained.

"Excellent!"

"Neither, Absalom, except that—well, I reckon it's usual to have the executor give a bond, so you'd better stipulate in the will that the executor's bond shall be filed with the court by the executor."

"Oh, safety first," McPeake repeated. "I'll have your will ready in an hour. Stay where you are."

Within the hour Hiram Butterworth had signed his last will and testament. He carried a copy of the document away with him and left the original with his lawyer. On the first of the following month he received from Absalom McPeake a bill for fifty dollars for professional services drawing will.

"The dirty, cheap, two-bit legal jackal," he raved to his man Bunker. "Sending me a bill for drawing my will after all I've done for him!" He telephoned immediately to Absalom McPeake and told the latter in lurid language exactly what he thought of him.

"You're a dirty robber!" the old man shrieked. "I'll change my will this very day. I'll learn you!"

He was terribly angry—so angry, in fact, that he quite forgot the advice for which he had paid so heavily to six heart specialists. He stumbled incoherently into the transmitter, then let it fall with a crash which was not lost on the lawyer at his end of the line. Then, very faintly, McPeake heard him say: "Oh, God! Forgive me! I'm dying—dying—"

When McPeake reached his client's place of business he found Hiram Butterworth stretched out on the grimy, uncarpeted floor of his private office. He was quite dead. Bunker, a gray-haired, old, faded, round, round looking little man, was sitting in a chair across the room watching the dead man.

He looked at McPeake entered and a smile played on his gray face, for he was free of his last enemy.

"The old man's heart went back on him," Bunker explained. "He's dead, and although I've worked for him nearly thirty years I can't say I'm sorry."

"You ought to be glad, Bunker. In fact, you will be glad when I tell you that his will, which I drew two weeks ago, provides a specific bequest to you of ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand? Ten thousand?" the old clerk repeated, in crescendo. "Why, he—he—he promised me for

years that he'd give me a hundred thousand. I've devoted my life to that man and all I ever got for it was abuse and a bare living. And now he—he's betrayed me!"

Bunker's form quivered and two tears coursed slowly down his lined cheeks. "My wife will feel badly about this," he quavered. "She was sort of figuring on it. Well, what can't be cured must be endured, I suppose."

McPeake went back to his office. Two hours later, in Placerville, Calif., Elmer Clarke received the following telegram:

"Muscatine, Iowa,  
"August 1, 1924.  
"Your uncle, Hiram Butterworth, died suddenly here today. Please wire disposition of body. I was your uncle's attorney during his lifetime, and am named executor of his estate."  
"A. McPeake, Federal Trust Bldg."

This information was received by Elmer Clarke half an hour before his departure for the home of his heart's desire, whom he planned to escort that evening to the municipal band concert in the plaza. To this young lady Elmer disclosed the contents of the telegram.

"What disposition are you going to make of the body, Elmer?" she inquired.

"I feel like wiring McPeake to send the old man's carcass to a medical college for dissection, in order that at the finish it might be said of him that once he accomplished something constructive, something for the benefit of the world in which he had his being."

"Oh, please don't do that, Elmer!"

"Oh, of course not, Nellie. He was my mother's brother, even if he was a heartless old skinflint. I suppose he died peacefully for all his miserly thrift, or his lawyer would not have wired me as he did. I'll send McPeake a night letter and instruct him to give the old man a plain, decent Christian burial, the expense of which shall not exceed one hundred and fifty dollars, and to draw on me at sight for the same. For mother's sake I can't have the old man buried in Potter's field."

Nellie patted Elmer Clarke's hand, with glad eyes going to do the right thing by him, even if he didn't deserve it."

"They went to the band concert and when they parted at Nellie's front gate Elmer held her hand longer than seemed necessary."

"Nellie, my dear, you're a great comfort to me," he said very seriously, apropos of nothing. "I like to think that some day when my ship comes in—"

"He checked himself, and after a pause added: "But then it will never come in until I sail in it, so what's the use dreaming? I wish I knew my dreams can come true?"

"Elmer," the girl replied, "within a week your ship is going to come in. I feel it in my bones—somewhat after the fashion of old men who have

Claire's High Dream Comes True  
By DOROTHY DOUGLASS  
(Copyright.)  
KIRKWOOD was patting his eyes suddenly when his eyes suddenly opened. He was in a father-covered face, reflected in his small shoulders of a girl. Hair like a cloud, eyes wide and intelligent, and that assuredly eclipsed the blonde. And she was a marvelous thing with long sensitive fingers, a throat mass of dull green brought to life two eyes of his.

Not feeling that it was a gaze secretly at her in the sanctity of her room, heaved a sigh and shaving mirror. The never, deeply etched in his didn't know just why his personality kept haunting him. That august person was purchasing this or that and the figures on the clock in four to six figures. Always giving a great prize of art—the Wadsworth—and the lucky winner richer by five thousand dollars. Kirkwood himself knew at art than his uncle's—knowing of day-old chicks, but his reason he felt that he was shaving mirror. His uncle kept afflicting in his mind. Later came the great "She must be made a competition!" But how? I'd racked his brain, and it reached home again. It was the juxtaposition of slow and the small slant window in hers that he saw to him.

Anyone watching Kirkwood, he thought his mind was his. Love is a bit of it. She first detached the from the speaking tube, then from his. He secured a long bit of rubber that served as part of his arrangements. He placed the tube and plugged out on the narrow corner of his window. The fate of this affair for a tiny vent was left open in the night. Against this Kirkwood's mouthpiece, then, carried back to his room.

Then Claire Coventry's golden light and slipped the she was deep in plans.

She was dreaming that she was a spellbound at the beautiful when out of the world she heard a soft saying, "Enter Wadsworth's—Enter Wadsworth's."

She sprang out of bed in a dither and switched on the light. There was not a soul in the room. She was dreaming or was it an unseen presence trying to tell her?

Had not for a moment occurred that her work was to be sent to the great city? But now, with that message in her brain, she knew, she knew.

Next morning she put a freshening touch to the room and calling it better to cast it and entered it before it was out.

It was in the morning, exactly one or two days after the glorious girl and each of them a violent nervous attack to make money. She made much to that purpose. Her nephew's even sursary interest in the statues arriving daily. He kept his eyes even when he remarked, "That's that," and pointed at the statue.

She snorted, uncle. She more and life and clear to that new thing that in your whole body. That's that modeled that clay of another Rodin if you Rodin is."

He snatched his model and started something that was "I knew it!" and left in a dither state that "These statues about his sanity."

At the way home Kirkwood, the future. He would be a triumphant success, a quiet and three months' holiday in on the continent. He had not told her of the of his silence until about a year ago, safely bound to him by the cold and his arm as well as safely do so.

At Claire in her studio next morning with unobtrusive and a check. A great progress went out from her. Her highest dream had come.

Danger in Elegance  
There is no talent so perilous as those who have it. It is a danger to those who are so called by nature in this life. It is a danger to study the oratory. Addison.

Watch this Space for Daily Eye Examination, Glasses Fitted by E. L. GREENLEAF, Optometrist over Rowe's Store SATURDAY, FEBRUARY!

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